

## ARMS: TSAI [OLD/DISCONTINUED VERSION]

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# **ARMS: TSAI [OLD/DISCONTINUED VERSION]**

by [AxolKat42](#)

## Summary

This fanfic is currently being rewritten because I don't like how it turned out. You can find the rewrite on my account. I'm more than likely gonna delete this when I finish rewriting the chapters I posted here.

## Notes

After waiting a week or so I was finally able to cross post this from Wattpad onto AO3. I'm still sorta new to this site so please do tell me if there are any spelling mistakes.

# Welcome to Armsopolis

It was a warm summer afternoon and the sun was setting. The day was about to end for many, but it had just begun for one. A man who wore a grey hoodie was running like his life depended on it. Though his life wasn't on the line, he sure did feel like it was.

When he had stopped running he had arrived at the spring stadium. Though it wasn't meant to open to the public in a week, he was able to get in. You see because I suck at explaining things I'm just gonna say it. This guy was chosen among 600 people to become the mascot for the spring gym. At least their mascot for this generation.

After checking to see no one was watching him, he quickly opened the door and closed it quickly as he got inside. He took off his grey hoodie and tied it around his waist to reveal his blue springy hair. He then looked over to his left to see a slightly older green haired man waiting for him.

"Well, you made it Austin," He spoke in a voice that was similar to that of an old school hero. (Idk how to describe it okay)

"Yep, how late am I William?" The blue haired man named Austin asked.

"Not that late really. Still late by a few minutes, but still not that late."

"That's... Huh, that's something I didn't expect."

"Well I'll be real, I think this is a sign of you getting your life back together. But enough about that, Let's see what you got!"

After tossing Austin a pair of basic boxing grade boxing gloves, a practice fight had begun. Normally fights like these would be regular boxing matches. But this was by no means a boxing match, this was an ARMS fight. The concept of ARMS fighting was a sport where two people fight with arms that extend like springs. Hence why the sport is called ARMS. But enough about the history of ARMS, I have a story to tell.

It was a 1v1 in one round and punches and grabs were being thrown about. It was all that had to be done in a battle like this. When one punch was dodged another was thrown. After some time of this happening, Austin had thrown last punch winning the fight.

Soon after their practice match the two were left to have a conversation. Though it started and ended off odd for Austin.

"Wait a sec..." Austin spoke.

"Hm, what's up?" William asked.

"You said something about me getting my life back together. What was that all about?"

"Well Austin I may or may not have heard about your past. Ya mom dying when you were five, living on the run at fifteen, I'm honestly surprised your still alive."

"Who told you about that?"

"I've heard you mention your past before so I would inevitably notice."

"Huh, somehow I never knew anyone would actually listen."

"Well Austin regardless of your history, you still show promise in the ARMS league. But for now I think you should head back, your debut is tomorrow."

After their conversation Austin was left to go home. Having made his way to the spring stadium on foot, he would have to take the bus back. By the time he made it to the bus stop he just barley made it on time for the last bus of the day. And thank god he did too because it was 8 PM and dark out.

The bus ride itself wasn't much. There were twenty other people counting himself and the bus driver. The drive itself was also kinda quick since his apartment wasn't that far away.

Oh, you remember how I said the ride wasn't much? Well I was doing something called lying, there was another piece of the story on the bus.

By the time he had gotten off the bus he had made it back to the apartment complex, and he wasn't the only one there. A young girl with brown hair was also there. She was carrying a cardboard box and a backpack. Today she had just moved in, now she just had to find her apartment.

"103-A, 103-A, where is 103-A?" The girl asked herself while walking around the outdoors of the apartment complex. As she pondered where the apartment was when a small spirit popped up from her bag.

"I think the apartment is that way Tracey," The spirit said while pointing to it's left.

"Ok just please get back in the bag Rosie, you don't want to get caught."

The spirit apparently named Rosie went back into the bag and as Tracey walked to where was being pointed earlier. Sure enough the apartment was there. After grabbing the key in her pocket, she unlocked the door and walked inside.

The Apartment was mostly empty, say for the appliances in the bathroom and the kitchen, as well as a mattress in the living room. Turns out that Tracey didn't know apartments don't come with furniture so the first few weeks were not going to be easy. Not impossible though because she had some items in the box and the backpack she carried.

She walked over to where her room would be, and placed the box down on the floor. After scratching at the tape that was keeping the box closed for a couple of minutes it finally opened to reveal a bunch of art supplies. Once she got them all out and put into a closet she looked into the bottom of the box to see a picture frame. Turning it around she saw a younger version of herself next to her father.

After pausing for a moment before she placed it on the top shelf of the closet, and putting the clothes in the backpack inside the closet as well. Once everything was put away she went to the living room. She had no clue what to do next.

Rosie was already there sitting on the floor. She knew something was off with Tracey, she just didn't want to bring it up. But at the same time she wanted to know what was up.

"Hey Tracey you doing ok?" She asked.

"Yeah, why you ask?" Tracey asked back.

"Well you just seem off."

"Yeah I'm fine, just tired... I'm just gonna head to bed."

"Ok..."

After this small conversation Tracey laid down on the mattress and began to sleep. While this happened Rosie went into the bedroom and opened the closet door. She saw the photo of Tracey and her father. It had only been a month since his passing, but she still didn't like to discuss it. Rosie then sat down on the closet and sighed.

"Some day things will get easier for you and I Tracey." The spirit spoke. "Though I will no longer be with you that day, I know you will still get a better ending than me."

Though things suck they will definitely get better. But for now that won't happen. At least not yet, its to late in the night for that to show up yet.

Oh yeah I forgot to introduce where we are.

Welcome to the city of Armsopolis. The place of origin of the ARMS ability.

# **Almost late for the bus**

## Chapter Notes

This is how two of our main characters meet. Also if anyone knows how to upload files into AO3 please do tell me. I have been trying to upload a drawing from the files of my laptop and have had no success.

The day had begun with a phone call, that just would not shut up. No matter how hard he tried to ignore it, it would not stop ringing. Eventually he would pick up the call so that he wouldn't have to hear the ringing any more and head back to bed.

"Hello?" the neon blue haired man asked slightly annoyed and heavily tired.

"Up and at em Austin- I mean number three!" the man on the phone said enthusiastically. "Today is your debut as Spring Man!"

The neon blue haired man now known as Austin had paused. He knew that his debut was going to happen some day, but he was never told that it would today.

"Number three?" the man on the phone said slightly concerned.

"YEAH, I'll uh, be there in a bit." Austin said, before he hung up the phone to rush through his routine to get to his debut on time.

Austin was then left running out of his apartment in his costume, trying to get to the bus stop on time. That was the day that he would debut to Armsopolis as gen three's Spring Man. Yet there he was, almost late to one of the most important moments in his life. He then stopped running when he had made it to the the bus stop, and was pretty exhausted.

"let me guess, your late for something important?"

Austin turned around to see a young fourteen year old girl, holding a composition notebook and a pencil. She was wearing a blue t-shirt with the Spring man logo. She was also wearing a bandana, a backpack, and an eye patch, covering her left eye. Her brown hair was tied into a bun, and her arms were pink, blue, and green indicating that she had the ARMS ability.

"Yeah..." Austin replied, slightly confused. "Uh, what's your name?"

"My name is Tracey Doodles, though you can call me Tracey." The girl replied "And I believe your name is Spring Man, if I'm correct."

"How'd you guess?"

"I don't know a whole lot about the ARMS league itself, but it was just plain obvious who you are." Tracey said before extending arm to open her backpack to put back her notebook. When suddenly, a creature that appears ghost emerged from he backpack.

"A new friend I see," The ghost said looking slightly confused, before holding its hand out to greet Austin. "Nice to meet you! My name is the Guardi-"

"WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT?!" Austin yelled out in fear. He had no idea what he was seeing, and if what he was seeing was real or not.

Tracey the facepalmed, clearly embarrassed "This is why I don't bring you outside Rosie..." She said to the ghost, before turning to Austin. "Don't worry, Rosie is completely harmless, unless she's able to scare you to death."

"Oh... Okay," He said before apologizing. "I'm sorry about that..."

"No no, its ok. Reactions like that aren't to rare, hence one of several reasons I tend to leave her home."

Tracey then opens her backpack so that the guardian can head back and stay there until they get home. Almost immediately however, the bus would pull up to drive them to the spring stadium. The bus was mostly empty, say for the bus driver and both Tracey and Austin sitting in the same row apart. When Tracey took her seat, she pulled out her notebook and started to draw a bus. The drawing of the bus had what appeared to have springs on the side of the bus.

While it took a while, Austin was able to make it on time for his debut. From that point forward he would be known as Spring Man.

# The first fight

## Chapter Notes

As the title implies this is the first battle in this fanfic.

Austin walked to a hidden entrance to the spring stadium where he'd make his big entrance. Generation two's Spring Man was there waiting for Austin, so he can talk to him.

"Well bucko, you made it to your debute," The green haired man said.

"Of course I'd make it, I mean really William why wouldn't I?" Austin said jokingly

"Beats me. Anyway I told you to meet me here, not just so you could make your big entrance but also so I could give you my old weapons." William said that as he handed Austin his old weapons. Those being the toaster, the boomerang, and the tribolt.

"Those weapons have been getting passed down through the 3 generations of the ARMS league. Now its your turn to use them. I'm going to need you to take care of these, okay?"

"Okay but what do I do if they break or something?"

"If that ever happens, head to the scrapyard. There's this girl that works there, I believe her name was Mechanica. She's got a knack for anything that involves robotics."

"Hey Austin! The fights 'bout to begin!" One of the promoters yelled near the corridor.

"You better get on out there," And with that Austin walked near the entrance to the spring stadium, ready to partake in his first fight in the ARMS league.

Off in the distance Spring Man could see Tracey somewhere in the stands, ready to cheer him on. He could also see his opponent. She wore a bow in her hair that she had tied into a ponytail. Somewhere near by the entrance there was some weird yellow creature wearing a red bow tie. From a distance it could have been mistaken for a dog toy. (gotcha Biff >:D)

"Hello Armsopolis! And hello ARMS fans!" Yelled out the creature. "I'm Biff, your trusty ARMS commentator! Welcome to the first Grand Prix of generation 3! Today's the start of a new Grand Prix, begun by none other than the the spring gym's mascot, Spring man!

The crowd started to cheer as Spring Man walked out to the middle of the stadium, waving to them.

"Lets kick off match 1 with Spring Man vs The Ainess: Ribbon Girl! Now, Ribbon girl, for those unaware is a quiet popular popstar. She is also my idol **\*cough\*** Anyways, lets get this



Grand Prix going!"

Ribbon Girl waved to Spring Man as she greeted him "Heya~~"

"Hi..." Spring Man said as he waved back.

After their small talk, the two got to selecting their weapons. Spring Man chose the toaster and the boomerang, while Ribbon Girl chose the slapamander and the sparkey.

Biff then yelled out "Ready... ARMS!" (something you will see quite a lot in this story)

When the fight began punches and grabs were being thrown about. While Spring Man won the first match, Ribbon Girl won the second match. It was down to the wire, whoever won would continue the Grand Prix.

During the final round Spring Man used the boomerang and the tribolt, and Ribbon Girl used the popper and the slapamander. Everyone thought that Ribbon Girl would win. She was able to multijump for crying out loud! How could Spring Man combat this? Then all of a sudden Spring Man was knocked to the ground by Ribbon girl's slapamander. Falling right near the seat Tracey was at.

"SPRING MAN! GET UP!" Tracey yelled out. "YOU CAN DO THIS!!!"

In almost the blink of an eye, Spring Man got up and was glowing with a red aura. This was not from anger nor frustration, but from an unseen ability that no one has seen in the ARMS league since the first Spring Man became the champion. He then jumped into the air and used his rush to defeat Ribbon Girl.

"And with that its, KO!" Biff yelled out in hype.

After everyone had left Ribbon Girl, William, and Tracey went to chat with Austin and congratulate him.

"SPRING MAN, HOLY HECK THAT WAS AWESOME! HOW DID YOU DO THAT?!" Tracey asked in a state of excitement.

"I don't know, it just happened I guess," Austin replied.

"I wont lie, you have some serious skills for someone who just joined the ARMS league," Ribbon Girl remarked.

"Why thank you. Ribbon Girl, was it?"

"Yeah that's me. I mean I'm pretty well known, how else would you have guessed?"

"I think it might have been your voice. I may or may not have listened to one of your albums before."

"Hey, uh Austin?" William asked.

"Yeah?"

"I hate to say this but, I won't be joining you for any of your later battles."

"Mind if you elaborate?"

"I have to attend this... thing happening outside of Armsopolis, so I need you to promise me that you'll handle things while I'm gone."

"I can't promise that, but I'll try."

"Seems fair enough. Anyway my flight is leaving tomorrow, so I gotta go home and pack."

And with that William had left. Now Ribbon Girl and Tracey had to ask Austin something.

"Wait, your name is Austin?" Ribbon Girl asked.

"Yep, you caught me."

"That's a really cool name."

"Really?" Austin asked in curiosity.

"Yeah, but you may want to avoid saying your real name in battle," Ribbon Girl said. "I don't know what the consequences of saying your real name in battle are, but I don't think their good."

"You have a good point. Anyway we may as well go now, the day is about to end."

"Yeah I live at the same apartment complex as you Austin, so I guess I'll join ya." Tracey mentioned.

Ribbon Girl waved as she left "Well it was nice meeting ya!"

After Austin waved back, him and Tracey walked to the bus stop so they could head back. They were talking about art, the importance of Grand Prix, and Tracey's school. It turns out that the school Tracey was going to be attending was in the midst of a riot, due to the principal trying to use the school's money for her own personal play. Though Tracey was still going to go there because she couldn't find any other schools that would accept her with such late notice. Especially with Tracey having to pay off a fair amount of debt. By the time the bus had arrived the two went back to their own apartments. That day was a good day for the both of them.

## Collage invite

The next match was at the ninja collage, and the sun was setting. That day Austin thought that he had actually made it on time and was first to the fight. But someone else was there before him, hiding in the trees. (Idk why I tried to make that rhyme for a second)

"Hello Armsopolis! And hello ARMS fans!" Biff yelled out. "Welcome to match 2 of the Grand Prix! it appears That our challenger appears to be missi-"

Before Biff could finish his sentence, a shuriken was thrown at Spring Man by an unknown individual, nearly stabbing him in the head. When suddenly, a young man with green hair tied into a spiked bun with chains for ARMS appeared out of thin air, and caught the shuriken near centimeters away from Spring Man's face. Once the shock had died down the young man teleported (?) to the top of the stairs.

*"That must be my opponent,"* Spring Man thought to himself. *"That's pretty impressive, yet a bit scary..."*

Biff then got back to his microphone, still shaken up a bit.

"O-okay with that interruption out of the way, lets get back on track..." Biff said trying regaining his composure. "Match 2 it's Spring Man vs The Student of Stealth: Ninjara! Now, Ninjara may not talk much, but his skills do most of the talking. If he's able to win this fight, he'll be able to proceed with his senior project."

Ninjara bowed as he was introduced "Hello..."

The two then got to choosing their weapons. Spring Man chose the toaster with the tribolt, and Ninjara chose the chakram and the triblast.

Biff then yelled out- "Ready... ARMS!"

Spring Man was just barley able to get past the first round. Ninjara was teleporting quiet a lot, it was almost impossible to keep track of him. But with just a sliver of HP left, Spring Man got past the first match.

Before the second match began, Spring Man had conducted a plan to get past this fight. Spring Man had decided that he would use the boomerang with the toaster to combat Ninjara's chakram and buff. The plan that Spring Man had in mind was to save his rush for when Ninjara would try to use his rush, causing him to be out in the open.

Once Ninjara tried to use his rush, Spring Man dodged just in the nick of time. He then used his own rush and knocked Ninjara to the ground. The crowd almost immediately cheered as Biff yelled out "KO".

By the time everyone had left, Austin had went off to have a chat with Ninjara. By the time he had found him, Ninjara was sitting on the ground in a deep train of thought, trying to

figure out how he had lost.

"Hey, Ninjara. how you doin?" Austin asked.

Ninjara just remained silent, questioning himself- *"How could I lose so easily to the new guy? Is my strategy the cause? Were my classmates right? Am I THAT bad at thi-"*

"Listen, I heard that defeating Grand Prix was your senior project. And I just wanted to say that You put up a great fight."

Ninjara looked up from his train of thought, looking quite surprised.

"Wait, really?" Ninjara asked.

"Yeah, I know that your senior project might still be doable, but you may want to be prepared with a back up project, just in case."

"Don't worry, I already have one. Though I must say, you also have skill Austin."

"Wait, how do you know my name?"

"Ribbon Girl may or may not have told me and the others about you."

"Oh... Okay, I gotta go, bye."

As Austin started to walk away to go home he thought to himself *"Who are these 'others' that he was talking about?"*

Then he realized something, *"Where was Tracey?"* then all of a sudden he heard a distant-  
"GET THE HELL AWAY FROM THEM!"

# Defense

## Chapter Notes

This is the chapter where both the "in universe discrimination" and swearing start.

While Austin and Ninjara were having their conversation, Tracey had run into a group of 6 teens who looked quite pissed off. They were all cornering a girl with long blond hair and headphones, who was visibly scared. She was also wearing a navy blue vest and appeared to be no older than Tracey.

"WHAT THE FUCK?!" Cried out a much older boy who wore a blue bomber jacket. "WHY DID YOU MESS UP OUR PLAN ALISA?!"

"You may have hurt me, but you are my brother Zach!" Alisa Cried out. "I can't just watch you kill someone and go to jail!"

"That's it! Fish-hook, Tape-duck, hold her down so I can beat her!"

The two went up to Alisa, with intentions of holding her down to get beaten up by her "brother". Fish-hook wore fish hooks and fishing nets over his T-shirt and shorts, while Tape-duck wore duck tape over his clothes. They were about to get to Alisa when all of a sudden Tracey had stepped in with intentions to protect Alisa, who was in a bit of shock from getting beaten up.

"Back the hell away from her, man!" Tracey cried out.

"Well look who it is, the Amature artist. Don't you have an art commission to fuck up? There's only one way to solve this. Hey Hoops, Spots, grab her too, someone was trying to be the hero!"

Hoops wore sports gear and was holding a hockey stick, while Spots only wore clothes that had poke dots. They both tried to approach Tracey, but were almost immediately stopped in their tracks by a slightly taller boy. He was wearing a navy blue t-shirt with Ninjara's logo, a yellow beanie, and a denim blue scarf.

"GET THE HELL AWAY FROM THEM!" the boy cried out.

"Oh great its you again. What the hell do you want Scarfer?!" Zach yelled in annoyance.

"I want YOU to stop with this bullshit happening around our school! Besides I know for a fact that you forced freckles into joining your crew!"

"That's ridiculous, he joined us by choice you dumb ass!"

"Come on Freckles, I know you don't want to be with them!"

Scarfer said this while keeping eye contact with Freckles. He had his namesake on his face and a denim button up jacket that covered his arms. He seemed a bit hesitant, but then had a look of determination and walked away from them.

"Where do you think your going freckles?!" Zach yelled to him.

"THAT'S KAPSTER SHOT TO YOU ZACHERY! AND I'M LEAVING THIS WHOLE THING BEHIND!" Kapster shot back.

"YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE!"

"OH, YES I CAN!"

Kapster yelled before he took off his denim jacket and tied it around his waist to reveal not only a black t-shirt but also his ARMS. He then walked away, much to the anger of Zach and his crew.

"YOU TRAITOR! I HOPE YOU DIE YOU TR-"

"Just cut it out Zach!" Scarfer yelled interrupting Zach from going any further. "You already know that you're gonna lose this war, so why even try at this point?! Like, even your mom knows that you two are gonna lose, considering that your both moving away from this city anyway!"

"Mff...FINE! You may have won this war, but that won't stop me from dealing with the kids at my new school!"

Zach immediately walked away with his 4 remaining goons. He knew that he would no longer be in control of the school, but he didn't care, he would just do the same thing at his new school.

"No Zach w- Oh never mind..." Alisa muttered.

"Huh, whats wrong?" Tracey asked.

"That was my brother Zach... Both him and my mom are going to leave without me after the riot at Armsopolis prep ends..."

"Wh- Why would anyone do that to their own kid?"

"If you couldn't tell I have the ARMS ability, and my mom hates people with it. So naturally she hates me and let's my brother bully me. When they leave, their just going to abandon me and not tell my dad."

Tracey felt a sense of sorrow for Alisa. Even after her "brother" had treated her like crap for 4 whole years while her mom let it happen, she still tries to be nice to them. Tracey felt as though she should lend a hand.

"Would you like to stay at my place?" Tracey asked.

"What?"

"I said 'would you like to stay at my place?' that's what I asked."

Alisa almost cried with joy as she hugged Tracey, thanking her for her kindness. She then stopped as soon as Tracey could barely breath.

"So guys, what are your names?"

"I'm Cooper, but everyone calls me Scarfer."

"And I'm Alisa."

"It's nice to meet you both, I'm Tracey by the way."

"Hey I know this might be cliché but does this mean we're friends now?"

"Sure!"

"Cool... Anyway, I guess we should be going now. I have to be home soon."

By the time Scarfer had said that Austin showed up to see where Tracey was.

"Hey Tracey what was that, I heard one of you guys screaming earlier." Austin asked slightly concerned.

"Uhh... Just a stray cat." Although Tracey tried to play things cool she thought to herself *"He knew what happened, I just know it..."*

"Yeah... So is she joining you?" Austin asked pointing at Alisa.

"Yeah. Why are you askin?" Tracey replied.

"Listen I'm just sayin, that if their joining you on the bus you better not ask me for extra bus money, because I only have enough for my own ticket." Austin said jokingly before having a slight chuckle. "I'm kidding, I'm kidding."

"Can I tag along with you guys? I gotta be home soon," Scarfer spoke up.

"Sure, this will probably be the last bus for the day anyway," Tracey replied before the group of four walked to the bus stop.

By the time the 4 got to the bus stop, the bus had just arrived. When they got on the bus, Tracey pulled out her notebook and started to draw two stick figures. One stick figure kinda looked like Biff, while the other only had an arm that was coiled.

By the time bus had arrived, Scarfer had stayed on the bus, waiting to get back home. It was getting dark by the time they were back so Austin went to his apartment, while Alisa

followed Tracey to her apartment. The next day was gonna be the next fight, as per usual. But that night would be a doozy for Tracey.



# Tracey's nightmare

## Chapter Notes

WARNING: In Tracey's nightmare there is a scene where both Tracey and an innocent cat are getting put into a violent situation. If that disturbs you, I'd advise that you should not read this chapter. But if you want to continue, please do so with caution. (I'm sorry if this chapter or any others upset you, by the way)

When Tracey and Alisa entered Tracey's apartment, Alisa could see that Tracey was still unpacking her things from moving. As Tracey set up the mattresses in the living room, Tracey and Alisa had a conversation of things they were planing on doing. Tracey wanted to be an artist, while Alisa wanted to become a DJ.

At some point in the conversation, the guardian had showed up from Tracey's room and introduced her self to Alisa. Although Tracey was rather anxious as to how Alisa would react to the guardian, Alisa found the guardian to be interesting.

By the time their conversation had died down, the two had went to bed (or mattress I guess). Though Alisa was having a pleasant sleep, Tracey was having a bad dream, a nightmare if you will. A nightmare that actually happened.

### ***In the nightmare:***

Tracey was 9 years old, and really little. She was just sitting on grass, playing with a stuffed doll. When suddenly, Tracey could hear the soft meows of a cat in pain, with the laughter of two much older kids. After searching for the source of the sounds for some time, Tracey had stumbled upon three older boys. Two of which, were hurting a calico kitten.

Each of them wore a hoodie in either yellow, orange, or purple. The orange one had both his hands in his pockets, as he kicked at the kitten. Meanwhile the purple one, although keeping his hood up looked rather uncomfortable, not wanting to be there.

Tracey then walked over to them, in an attempt to save the cat and stop the older kids.

"Please don't hurt that cat, that's not nice," Tracey spoke in a quiet tone.

"Well what are you gonna do about it girly?" the one in the orange hoodie replied in a rude tone.

"I don't know just please stop!"

"hm, Nah I think I'll continue." the orange one replied before heading back to kicking the cat.

The Purple one then stepped in having enough of Orange. From what Tracey could see, he was wearing a dark grey mask on the upper half of the face. Said mask nearly obscured his mysteriously spiraled purple and turquoise eyes (remind you of anyone?).

"Dude, just cut it out!" the purple one cried. "Out of all the things you guys have done, with graffitiing the school and all, this is going to far!"

"Geez Purple, I knew you were a pussy, but man your weak."

"Maybe I am weak, but I'd rather be weak than in jail!"

As Orange And Purple argued with each other, Tracey tried to rescue the cat but was pushed to the ground by the yellow one.

"HEY ORANGE, THE BRAT TRIED TO SAVE THE CAT!" the yellow one yelled out.

"God, how many times do I have to do this?"

Orange then pulled out a pocket knife, and stabbed Tracey's left eye out as she screamed for help. After her eye was gone and her screaming had ceased, everything thing became a blur. From what she could see and hear, Purple had hit Orange in a fight with him and Yellow.

As her vision began to fade, she could hear the voice of a women calling out her name, before it all fade to black.

### ***Back to reality***

Tracey immediately woke up in a cold sweat. She had that damn nightmare again, for the fifth night in a row for that matter. She looked at the clock, it was 4am.

Tracey then went to the bathroom to wake herself up. She took off her eyepatch, and put it off to the side before she turned to the faucet. She then wet her hands before she wet her face with the water. As she wet her face, she looked up at the mirror and saw her own eyes.

Although her right eye was brown and normal, her left eye was neon blue with a purple hue, and a black sclera. Although her eye was originally neon blue, she was just recovering from a nightmare. Even when her eye is neon blue, it would never be normal again, ever since that day when she was nine.

"Sigh... What am I gonna do?"

Tracey then exited the bathroom to start her day off early. She knows her new motto, "Another commission, another day."

# Nightly festival

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Match 3 of the Grand Prix had hit, and things were more different than the previous fight. Before the fight, Spring Man had took note that the fight would be taking place at night, and more might be like it. He could also see that the fight was taking place at the mausoleum. This place ain't had an ARMS battle in over a decade, so this was a special event.

Off in the distance he could see Tracey and her newly made friends, as well as Biff wearing sports tape. Spring man could also see a buff guy that looked like a mummy.

"Hello Armsopolis! And hello ARMS fans!" Biff introduced. "Here we are on match 3 no stopping now! It's Spring Man vs The grim reaper: Master Mummy! Despite his intimidating appearance, Master Mummy at heart is a good guy. Hopefully any potential losses wont deter him from searching for his family."

"MUMMY!" Master Mummy yelled out. (I swear that's how he talks in game)

Although Spring man was a bit shaken by Master mummy, he hid it well and got to selecting his weapons. Spring had chosen the boomerang and tribolt, as Master mummy chose only megatons on both ARMS.

"Ready... ARMS!"

The fight should have been like any other. Just punch, grab, and rush when possible. But Spring Man was only barley able to win the first round by just a sliver of health. Not only did the megatons deal out a ton of damage, Master Mummy was somehow able to regain health by blocking.

The next round, Spring Man chose the toaster and the tribolt to combat the fact that Master Mummy was still using only megatons.

This time the fight went more smoothly. Master Mummy got a bit careless, and was out in the open. And with that Spring Man finished him off with his rush attack. It all ended with Biff yelling "KO".

After the fight had ended, people went to running market stalls and celebrating the festival. This had been the first time a fight had been held there in over a decade, they had to celebrate!

As the festival began to wind down a fair bit, Alisa had lost sight of her friends and went searching for them. After searching for some time she found Austin standing in front of a grave. Alisa then searched for the others, and she had found Scarfer and Tracey also standing in front of a grave holding some golden flowers. Scarfer had then placed the flowers on the grave that read-

*"In loving memory of: The Knitting Nanny 3039-3117"*

"Sigh... Hey grandma, nice to see you again," Scarfer said in a quiet tone.

"May I ask what happened to your grandmother?" Tracey asked in curiosity.

Scarfer just remained quiet in a deep train of thought of what caused this to happen to his grandmother.

"You don't have to if you don't want to!" Tracey said in concern.

"No, its fine, its a common question I get quite a fair bit," Scarfer said in a calm tone "But the thing is, I don't know how exactly she died. From what I've heard though, she had died from an unknown disease."

"Oh my..."

"Don't worry I've been able to get over it. You see the key to recovery is activity, and I've been working at Ye, Old' retirement home since I was 13."

"Wait a minute."

"Yeah?"

"I know that name..."

"Wait, you do?"

"Yeah. My dad used to be in the ARMS league before he retired, and I think he mentioned someone by that name before. Come to think of it now, I remember quite a lot from generation 2."

"AH, a fellow fan of ARMS league history I see. Name the most coolest fighter **\*cough\*** *in your opinion.*"

"It would have to be the mysterious head of the ARMS labs, Dr.Coyel. While she's confirmed to be a member of the ARMS league even after the first generation, she still has yet to be scene in any battles."

"That's honestly a good pick."

"Hey guys, I know your in the middle of something... But I found Austin," Alisa said after standing there for a while.

"You also know his real name?" Tracey asked in curiosity wondering how she knows.

"Yeah, I've seen you reference him by that name before."

With that Alisa and her friends had started searching for Austin. By the time they had found him he had just place a white rose on the grave he stood in front of. Tracey was able to get a

good look at it and it read-

*"In loving memory of: Madeline Springs 3075-3105"*

"Hey mom, I guess its been a while but a lot has happened," Austin said in a slight down pitch in voice "I became the new Spring Man, I've made some new friends, and I've made it this far in the Grand Prix. I only hope you've been resting well since that day when I was five."

"Hey Austin?" Tracey asks quietly

"Yeah kiddo?"

"I hate to bother you, but me and Alisa gotta get back to the apartments, its getting kinda late."

"Okay, I'll see you guys tomorrow, okay?"

"Okay," Tracey and Alisa both say before heading back to the apartment complex.

As Tracey and Alisa made their way to the apartment, they talked about things like school and video games. Although they disagreed with how important history is, they could agree that "Octoon 4: The Kraken's awakening" was the best entry in the Octoon series.

When they got back to the apartment, Tracey and Alisa went to bed in the living room. Not knowing what the next fight was going to entail.

## Chapter End Notes

Fun fact: I was originally planing on adding a scene where Alisa and Master Mummy were having a conversation about family or something but I didn't know how to write it.

## Scrapyard shuffle

The next day was match 4 and things were gonna be interesting to say the least. The scrapyard was packed with fans, one of which was in the scoop of the digger. Spring Man could see his previous opponents ready to cheer him on, but he could see that his current opponent was nowhere to be seen. But that didn't stop Biff from attempting his usual introduction.

"Hello Armsopolis! And hello ARMS fa-"

"HELP!"

Everyone had turned around to see the source of the yell and saw that the digger was about to collapse with one of the fans still in it. People tried to run over to the digger, in an attempt to save the fan, but they were too late... when suddenly, a girl in a robot suit flew by and saved the fan from falling, before she flew to her position in the ring.

"Okay... with that out of the way let's move on..." Biff said trying to recompose himself. "Match 4, Spring Man vs The Scrapyard Scrapper: Mechanica! Despite not having the ARMS ability herself, Mechanica uses a mech suit to partake in these fights. I still gotta ask how she makes machines like these."

"Hello!" Mechanica said waving from her mech suit.

With that, Spring Man had equipped the toaster and the tribolt, while Mechanica chose the whammer and revolver.

The match then began with Biff yelling out- "Ready... ARMS!"

So far everything was going well. Although Spring Man won in the first round, he lost in the second one. It didn't help that Mechanica could fly with her mech suit.

*The next match was going to be a doozy though.*

In the final match Spring Man had equipped the toaster and the boomerang, while Mechanica used only the homie on both arms. Everything was originally going to plan as Spring Man was having no problem... Until he slammed his right arm into the wall in an attempt to attack Mechanica, both breaking the boomerang and slightly denting the wall as a direct result. But everything still ended with Biff yelling out "KO" with Spring Man wining but feeling slightly guilty.

As Austin walked back to his apartment he was split between feeling guilty and proud of himself. While he was surprised that he could get past that fight, he was slightly guilty that he had left damage to what was basically Mechanica's home and damaging one of William's old weapons.

By the time he had returned, Austin had went to his bedroom so he could recharge (what I wish I could be doing right now). While Austin's room wasn't the dirtiest, it wasn't the cleanest either. On his wall hung a few posters of famous ARMS fighters, one of which was even of The champion of the ARMS league Max brass. He was the first Spring Man before either him or William, but he gave up that roll once he got his first champion belt.

After some time of staring off into space, Austin got up and put on his grey hoodie. He was gonna head back to the scrapyard. He remembered what William had told him about Mechanica. After walking around Armsopolis for some time (and getting lost a couple of times), Austin had made it to the scrapyard. The digger was still there getting fixed. After all the scrapyard would still need it for work.

Searching for Mechainca's workshop itself wasn't as difficult, as it was not to far away from the scrapyard entrance. When Austin opened the door he could almost instantly tell this place was basically Mechanica's home. Along with some blueprints sprawled on the floor, an orange mech suit was next to Mechanica's yellow one. Austin could also see a slight dent in the wall, potentially the same that Austin accidentally made during the last round during their fight.

"Hello?" Austin spoke. "Is anyone here?"

"I'll be there in a sec!" Mechanica yelled from the back of her workshop.

While Austin waited for Mechanica to show up, he looked around the place. It was as much of a home as it could get when it's in the scrapyard. But it was still a pretty good place. However something caught Austin's eye.

It was a picture of a much younger Mechanica with a much older woman that looked like her, but with longer hair and blue eyes. They were also both being held by a guy in the orange mech suit. Was this Mechanica's family? It had always been assumed by others that she had no family. But could it be-

"Alright Austin, let me guess, is this from what happened from that battle today?"

Austin had been snapped back to reality and turned around to see Mechanica. She was wearing her goggles on top of her head and her yellow-orange jacket around her waist.

"Yeah..." Austin replied in slight embarrassment.

Austin then handed Mechanica the broken boomerang. It almost looked like it couldn't be fixed, but that wouldn't stop Mechanica from fixing it. No matter the damage Mechanica will get it fixed.

"Okay, so just a heads up, William has told me about you," Mechanica informed. "So this time I'll fix this one for free, but if anything like this happens again I'll have to charge ya for it. Also it will take me a while to get this thing fixed, so I probably wont be able to get this back to you until tomorrow. So you may wanna head back."

"Gotcha."

Austin had finally been able to get his weapon fixed. Although he would have wait until tomorrow, it would still get fixed. Hopefully nothing like this happens again.



# Take-out side

## Chapter Notes

This one is probably the shortest chapter here.

Next day next match, that is what was going to happen. At this rate a battle would happen everyday. By the time Spring Man arrived to the battle, he had actually made it to the event first.

Though not even 5 minutes later, fans started to cheer as the new challenger heads out to battle from her family's ramen shop. She wore a beanie over her blond hair, that almost looked like ramen, just like her arms. After doing some showing off she got to her place in the stage ready to battle.

"Hello Armsopolis! And hello ARMS fans!" Biff introduced. "Match 5, half way there, it's Spring Man vs The Ramen Bomber: Min Min! Today is also episode 1 of 'Random battle tidbits with Biff'. Did you know that the ramen gods bless Min Min With a dragon arm when she charges? I would know, because the ramen gods keep on forsaking me- **\*cough\*** *Forget everything I said...*"

Min Min was a bit weirded out by what the hell Biff had just said, but she hid it well.

"Though you have gone undefeated, your grand prix ends here and now!"

Once she got her word in, Min Min and Spring man had gotten the battle started. Although the second round went smoothly, that was only because Spring Man had learned from losing the first round. Not only was Spring Man's boomerang still being looked over by Mechanica, Min Min was also throwing some kicks during the fight. If this were boxing, she would be banned.

During the last round Spring Man had chosen the toaster and tribolt, while Min Min used only ram rams. During the fight Min Min tried to throw out a kick to block Spring Man's rush attack, but it didn't stop Min Min from getting knocked to the ground. With one last punch Spring Man had finally won the fight.

After the fight not only did Austin get his boomerang back, Min Min had gotten back to work at her family's ramen shop. It was always easy to get work done, in fact it had become a bit boring. All she had to do was prepare orders that would be put in constantly. This time however Min Min would be tasked with both taking orders and making them.

Everything was normal as per usual, until a mysterious woman in a trench coat came in and ordered 2 bowls of ramen. She had long light blue and purple hair and was wearing a peculiar

pair of eyewear. Despite her appearance, she was in no way a threat to anyone there. Though she was working for someone who could be considered a threat.

After getting her ramen she had walked through armsopolis for sometime before finding a hidden building behind the ARMS HQ. After inputting a code to a lock out device on the door she entered the ARMS labs. She had finally returned to her home, and just in time too. She was about to see something interesting.

# A new friend

## Chapter Notes

This one is my favorite chapter thus far.

As the mysterious woman entered the laboratory, the door closed automatically. The laboratory itself was a bit dark, and there were only two floors that were meant for either experiments, projects, or storage. Things were also a bit quite, say for a few scientists. After the mysterious woman walked through the laboratory she found a specific room.

In the room there was a dark green haired woman who wore a white lab coat. Said woman had just gotten done working on a robot that looked a lot like Spring Man. Minus any form of the color blue.

"Hey Coyel, I'm back!" The mysterious woman said with slight high pitched tone.

The dark haired woman turned around to see the mystery woman addressing her, this time she had put the hood of her trench coat down. Her hair was was tied into a pair of pretty long pigtails, and what appeared to be bunny ears.

"Ah, Maddie your back!" Dr.Coyel had said. "Did you get any information of any ARMS fighters?"

"I didn't get much but I was able to see Min Min throw some kicks during the fight."

"Perfect, that will do for now."

Maddie had then took notice that Coyel was looking over the blue prints of Mechanica's mech suit. It had been a good two weeks since a group of ARMS labs members had broke into her work shop to steal them to make progress on further projects.

"So... Whatcha workin on?" Maddie asked in curiosity.

"Not much, but I have some good news," Coyel responded. "Work on Springtron has finally been completed. As soon as I boot him up, work on Hedlok will resume."

"That's good to know. Anyway I gotta check in on Helix."

As Maddie walked through the laboratory, she started to get eerily quite. Ever since the Grand Prix had started, she had started to take notice that Coyel was acting a bit odd. Though it wouldn't happen that often, Maddie would sometimes hear Coyel mutter threats about someone when an experiment would go wrong.

Although she didn't remember a whole lot of things like that happening, there was one that stuck out in her mind. During a test for some new weapons that Coyel had created, one of the newly finished weapons exploded when coming into contact with one of the test dummies. When everything was cleared out, Coyel muttered something about a "Gold headed asshole getting what he deserves some day."

Maddie had soon made it to her friend's room, to check in on him before heading to bed. Besides, she had news to tell him.

When she opened the door the only things in the room were a beanbag and a small Biff plushie. There was also, of course her friend in question. Though Maddie's friend wasn't exactly human... Not in the slightest.

His body was made out of a stretchable green material that could almost be described as jello. His arms and what was meant to be his hair were made of pink and blue DNA, while his eyes were an LED headset.

"Hey Helix," Maddie says in a semi happy tone "I got good news."

Helix just replied with confused noises. He never really could speak in any sort of language, but he did understand them. And Maddie also understood Helix, though it did take some time for her to learn his speech patterns.

"Tomorrow your gonna be the next fight in the Grand Prix!" Maddie answered in enthusiasm, which led to Helix making some happy noises.

Soon after some small talk, Maddie had left Helix's room to head to her own and get some sleep. On the way back to her room she started to think. She wondered, If Dr.Coyel adopted her then why does working for the ARMS labs feel like a bad idea? Would any of this actually be worth it?

All of these thoughts were interrupted when Maddie almost fell from the second floor of the laboratory. Though someone had caught her, and when she saw who it was she almost panicked.

It was Springtron, Dr.Coyel's newest project from before! Before he was booted up, his eyes weren't visible. But now that he was, Maddie could see that his eyes were neon blue with the outline being purple. Maddie was also able to take note that the sclera of his eyes were black.

After some time of panicking slightly on the inside, Maddie could see that Springtron was nowhere to be seen. Maddie then went back to her room, believing that tierdness was starting to get to her. When she made it back to her room though, it was clear that what just happened was in fact real.

Her room didn't have much but it had normal things like a dresser, a couple beanbags and a bunk bed. Although Maddie only slept in one of the bunks, Coyel knew that she would run out of space to put projects, so this would be where her latest project would reside. Springtron was there in the room standing at the dresser, that now had a back pack next to it. He was looking at a framed photo of a ten year old Maddie next to Coyel.

"Springtron?" Maddie asked to break an awkward silence she felt.

Springtron had then turned around to see Maddie, slightly confused as to who she was. "I'm sorry, do I know you?" Springtron asked as his voice had a slight but noticeable echo.

"Oh I forgot, projects don't know who I am as soon as they meet me." Maddie said while she put her back pack to the side as she unbuttoned the trench coat. "My name is Maddie. Now, normally I would make my introduction a bit more longer, but it's been a quite busy day, and I kinda wanna head to bed."

After Maddie had said that, she took off her trench coat and boots to put on the shelf and rack. She wore a lilac t-shirt with the silhouette of a bunny on the front, while also wearing some black leggings.

"How on earth would I be able to sleep?" Springtron asked in a slightly confused monotone voice.

"If you wanna head to bed, Coyel mentioned something about you being able to go into sleep mode to charge." Maddie mentioned as she got to the top bunk and laid her goggles on the foot of her bed. "Tomorrow is gonna be the next fight in Grand Prix so you may wanna do that."

Springtron just stayed silent before laying down on the bottom bunk, before going into sleep mode. But not before asking himself what was going to be next down the road.

# DNA

The DNA labs were bustling with a newly found sense of life. It almost felt like every battle in grand prix would bring life where ever it would happen.

When Spring Man had arrived, he noticed that he made it to the fight early for once. When everyone else arrived his opponent was late. When his opponent did make it, Springman was confused to say the least. In fact he wondered if what was happening was actually happening.

His opponent was made out of some weird stretchable green goo, and appeared to be slightly taller than him. Then it's height went to being slightly shorter before the fight could begin. It was pretty jarring.

Soon Biff got to his microphone, ready to do what he normally does.

"Hello Armsopolis! And hello ARMS fans!" Biff stated into his microphone. "Match 6, things are getting weird with Spring Man vs The Man of Mystery: Helix! Though being made by accident, Helix became the lovable face of the ARMS labs."

After Biff got his word in, Helix just replied with his casual happy noises. Once the audience had their awe moment, the two fighters got to choosing their weapons. Spring Man chose the toaster and boomerang to take down Helix's use of the guardian and the blorb.

The fight was a doozy. Though the first round went well, the second round did not end well. Helix being made out of an elastic goop that helped him do things easier, didn't help that the DNA tanks would often be used as coverage from attacks. luckily though, Spring Man had successfully broken every DNA tank so that took care of the issue.

It still came down to the wire in the finale though. Spring Man had chosen the toaster and the tribolt, to combat Helix using the icedragon and the blorb.

After some time, Spring Man was able to catch Helix off guard and finish the fight with his rush attack. Biff yelling "KO!" was the last thing heard, before the crowd started to clear.

After the laboratory started to clear out, Tracey and her crew started to search for the exit. While they were searching for the exit they split up. After a good 10 minutes Alisa got pulled into a hidden room by a brown goop creature. It almost looked like Helix, but in monochrome.

"WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!" Alisa yelled while hyperventilating, naturally scared of what was going to happen.

The creature just made some weird noises that couldn't even remotely sound like speech while dropping Alisa's hand, which gave her a chance to get away. It went to attack Alisa, but it was destroyed by someone punching it with the toaster. When She saw who punched it she was about to faint.

It was a robot version of Spring Man, and he appeared to have been searching for the creature for some time. He then turned to Alisa to speak to her.

"Hey kid, are you okay?" Springtron asked in a slight concern.

Alisa didn't even attempt to respond. She just fainted, falling to the ground as a direct result. Which left Springtron close to... Panicking? What-NO! Robots don't have emotions, they aren't supposed to feel anything at all... Right?

"Oh crap..." Springtron said in a slight but noticeable tone of fear. "Hey Maddie, one of the RNA blobs tried to kidnap a kid, and I think she's dead."

"No I doubt she's dead," Maddie said while walking towards the two. "In fact I'm pretty sure she's just passed out."

"Well what do we do about her?"

"We'll just leave her outside and then report back to Coyel."

After their conversation, Springtron left the room carrying Alisa. After looking from left to right, he placed Alisa on the ground before heading back to Maddie.

By this point, Tracey and Scarfer had found the exit, and Tracey was left searching for Alisa. Before Alisa was found, she woke up and found Tracey herself. Alisa's explanation was that she got lost while searching for the exit. She knew Tracey wouldn't believe what she actually saw.

The three then went back to their homes, just wanting to get out of there. This wouldn't be the last time anyone would see Springtron.

# Man's best friend

## Chapter Notes

This isn't anything too important but I just felt as though this song fit in with this chapter. If the link doesn't work, the song is the "Tentaculer Summer" remix of Ebb & Flow.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EAvYUm57vI8>

Ahh buster beach, a place of sunny fun and games of V-ball. Its also a place for some good ARMS fights to go down. And it was made clear by the crowds of people there ready to see this go down.

Spring Man had made it on time to the fight at the same time as his opponent. The opponent itself appeared to be a robot dog cop? Yeah to say Spring Man was confused as all hell was an understatement, and he was going to get even more confused.

Hello Armsopolis! And hello ARMS fans!" Biff said doing his normal introduction. "Well its quite the sunny day on match 7, Spring Man vs-"

But before he could continue his sentence, the dog like head of the unknown fighter came off to reveal... Another much more humanoid head? WHAT?!

"WHAT THE HECK?!" Biff shouted in sheer and utter confusion. "Don't panic folks! I'm getting a report from an anonymous source that those two are The Clockwork Cops: Byte and Barq! Although I'm heavily questioning the rules right now, I'll allow this fight to go on. Lets just get this fight going before things get weirder!"

After all that shocker came to light was said and done, the two fighters selected their weapons. Spring Man chose the toaster on both ARMS, While Byte chose the seekie and the bubb.

Man, how did the first round end in Spring Man's favor. Due to Byte and Barq being a duo an extra punch was always bound to be thrown. It also didn't help that Byte used Barq as a trampoline or something to attack from a higher angle. But somehow all those extra hits were dodged which allowed Spring Man to attack back.

The second round was also no big problem. By that point Spring Man had gotten the hang of things, so it only took the boomerang and the toaster to end it all. With one last hit from the boomerang, it all ended with Biff shouting "KO" like he normally did.

After the match everyone just roamed buster beach, mainly just hanging out with their families. Though others were just chilling with friends or people they see as much more. And



that was the case for Tracey. For some time she had been feeling things towards Alisa, and she didn't really know why. She also didn't know where any of these feelings were coming from.

Maybe it came from her long and blond hair, or her beautiful greyish blue eyes. Maybe even her over all kindness. She really didn't know why.

"Tracey? Yo, Tracey? Dude are you ok? Ya' cone is melting," Scarfer said in an attempt to get Tracey's attention pointing at her half melted ice cream cone.

Soon after a few seconds of no response, Scarfer sighed before he snapped his fingers in front of Tracey snapping her out of her trance, also causing her to drop her ice cream cone. Turns out she was staring at Alisa who was currently playing some V-ball with a few other folks.

"Uhh... YEAH! Whats up Scarfer?" Tracey said with a slight voice crack.

"Dude, you've been staring at Alisa for a while now," Scarfer said in his casual monotone voice. "Is everything ok with you two?"

"Yeah everything is fine, everything is fine! What do you mean? Everything is fine! Heh heh."

Silence then fell between the two. Scarfer knew full well what was going on.

"Sigh... You like her don't you?" He said giving Tracey a chill but noticeable 'I already know whats going on between you two' look.

"Yeah I do..." Tracey replied being caught.

"Oh ok."

Tracey just looked at Scarfer who was on his phone. To say she was slightly surprised would have been a lie.

"Wait you're not upset?" Tracey asked in slight confusion.

"Nah man, it'd be pretty stupid if I got mad at you for liking a girl. Besides I myself am bi as hell," Scarfer replied in the most chill way possible.

"Yeah but still, I never felt stuff like this for someone before."

"Just a dumb ass hunch but, what types of people do you have an interest in? Like what type of gender or something?"

"Uh, mainly girls?"

"Again just a hunch but I think you may be... How do I put this in a way that won't sound offensive? I think you may be a lesbian."

For just a while Tracey just stood there for a while, thinking a lot about the possibility of her liking girls in general before speaking.

"You may be right," Tracey replied learning a lot about herself. "Well I guess we may as well get back to our own places, its 'bout to get dark soon."

After the V-ball game was ended, Scarfer went to his home on his own to allow Tracey and Alisa to get to the bus stop on their own. Clearly trying to give them some time to possibly start a relationship. When heading to the bus stop, they started to have a conversation about movies just having a good time. Somewhere during the conversation the two had started to hold their hands and didn't even notice until they were at the bus stop. As soon as they noticed they retracted their hands both blushing, with Tracey giving a slight chuckle.

Soon after a long bus ride the two were at the apartment complex, and they were both tired. In a state of tiredness they both went to sleep on the same mattress in the living room. While the two were sleeping, the guardian came into the living room after doing some decorating around the apartment. She smiled seeing that her sister has possibly found someone to love. She then put a blanket over the two of them before going back to decorating.

# Chapter 13

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The parking lot of cinema deux was packed with people. Everyone was waiting for a fight to go down. This was gonna be another much more confusing fight. Soon when Spring Man had arrived he saw crowds of people surrounding someone. Though he couldn't see who it was, a few security guards had gotten people to back off.

The person that was being crowded was a grown woman with really long white/silver hair. A number of people were looking at her in awe. While others were taking photos of her.

"Hello Armsopolis! And hello ARMS fans!" Biff spoke into his microphone. "Match 8 lets hope its great, It's Spring Man vs The silver screen queen: Twintelle! Now despite having the ARMS ability it appears that she has the ability... In her hair? Honestly I don't know how that works. But lets get this fight going."

After episode 8 of Biff's endless monologues, the two got to choosing their weapons. Spring Man chose the toaster and the boomerang while Twintelle chose the chilla and the thunderbird. Before their fight though, Twintelle made one last comment.

"Good luck darling..." She spoke with a slight french accent. "Your going to need it."

If fights like these weren't confusing already, this had to be the nail in the coffin. Along with the whole "Twintelle having the ARMS ability in her hair" thing she could also air dash. Turns out she was using some sort of perfume to do this. Though even with this knowledge I still don't know how this works.

Somehow After the first match ended with Spring Man losing, he made a comeback in the next round. In the final round Spring Man used the tribolt and the toaster while Twintelle used the chilla and the parasol. After dodging one last hit from the parasol he launched his rush attack, and ended the fight with Biff yelling "KO" into his microphone like he normally does.

Everyone was now left to do their own thing. And there was not a whole lot of things to do. It was either walk around looking at random things or walk home. Many choose the latter, though Tracey and her crew choose the first option. Only problem was despite this being THE cinema deux, there was not a whole lot to look at. Unless of course one of them wanted to examine the broken cars from the fight, in which case what purpose would that serve.

Realizing they had nothing left to do they took the latter option and decided to head back to their homes. But not even a few steps out of the parking lot, Scarfer could hear a distant scream for help. Said scream sounded quite familiar to him. Realizing who was screaming he alerted Tracey and Alisa he'll be heading back on his own. Though that sure as hell was not what he was doing, they let him knowing what would happen.

After searching for around ten minutes he heard the scream again but it was accompanied by another voice. Wait no, two other voices. Both voices were yelling at the other to "shut up" and "this was your fault". Turning the corner where they were coming from he saw who was there.

It was Kapster! He had a few cuts and bruises and was knocked to the ground by Fish-Hook and Spots. They were both ridiculing him for leaving their crew.

"YOU REALLY ARE A DUMB ASS FOR STAYING HERE!" Fish-Hook yelled.

"Yeah, You should've left this city the day we found out you had the ability-"

Spots tried to yell out but was cut off. It only took two lines from them to make Scarfer to see red. Out of nowhere, the left end of his scarf coiled up, and he hit Spots so hard he fell to the ground. Rushing forward he hit Fish-Hook in the stomach before holding him slightly above the ground.

"Ugh, what the fu-" Fish-Hook tried to speak in hella amounts of pain, but Scarfer had other things to say.

"Listen here shithead," Scarfer spoke in a slightly deeper voice. "Zach is already gone, so your days of this bullshit going on are numbered. So you stop all this or I'll make you stop."

Fearing for their lives, Fish-Hook and Spots ran away screaming "Screw this!" Once they were gone Scarfer looked over to see Kapster slightly shaken up.

"Hey, you ok?" Scarfer asked heading back into his monotone voice. But Kapster did not respond. There was nothing but dead silence. Then Scarfer held out his hand before speaking again. "I'll take your scared and stunned silence as a yes."

Without any other options Kapster took his hand, and they walked to the bus stop. Tracey and Alisa wasn't there. The bus must have showed up for the two girls. Both sat on the bench waiting for the bus. Somewhere during their wait, Scarfer cracked out his phone and earbuds. After putting them in he started humming what sounded like the lyrics of the song he was listening to.

"What ya listening to?" Kapster asked.

"It's this song called '2hot4summer' by this guy named slasher." Scarfer replied

"You cool if I listen to it to?"

"Yeah sure thing man."

Scarfer then held out one of his earbuds before Kapster took it and placed it in his ear. The song itself was similar to that of rock with a mix of pop. The main theme of the song also appeared to be about getting out of a toxic environment, and that was made a bit more clear with the lyric-

*"They tell you to give up, you try to tell them to stop, so why must it fail every time?"*  
Something about those lyrics just spoke to him.

"Hey man, the bus is here." Scarfer spoke tapping Kapster on the shoulder.

"Huh? Oh okay." Kapster replied seeing that the bus was there. After handing Scarfer his earbud back the two both hopped up aboard the bus. Something about that encounter with Fish-hook and spots just felt even more off after hearing that song.

## Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact: I planned on having Twintelle intervene when Fish-Hook and Spots were attacking Kapster, but I scrapped it in favor of having Scarfer having the opportunity to use his scarf.

# Chillin snake

## Chapter Summary

Just a bit of a heads up. I'm going to be starting my Freshmen year of High-School on the third (August 3rd) and I've only got today/tomorrow to Cross-post the rest of the ARMS: TSAI before I start what could probably be the most traumatizing years of my life. I'll see if I can still work on later chapters while in class but so far idk. (at least I start High-School on a wednesday)

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The snake park, a place deemed by some as the coolest place in the city. That is if you both own and know how to use a snake board. And if your still in your pre-teens. But I digress. Another fight was happening that day and I have a story to tell. Somehow I feel like every place, a fight will happen. In fact I might be right.

The fight was about to be like any of the other fights. Spring Man made it on time, as he was finally starting to do (Though really he was almost late but was practically spammed texts about the fight by Tracey). By the time he got there he saw some folks gathered around the stage cheering someone on. Getting a closer look, he saw someone with their entire face obscured doing tricks on one of the snake boards. After a certain mid-air flip he got off the board and everyone was still cheering as he got back to his spot.

Someone in the audience even shouted out that whoever this guy was is awesome. After everyone was back in their places the usual business could happen.

"Hello Armsopolis! And Hello ARMS fans!" Biff shouted into his microphone like he usually does. "Match 9 we're nearly there, its Spring Man vs The Speed Demon: Kid Cobra! Although almost nothing is known about him, he's been making the rounds online with his rad snakeboarding videos. With all that being said, lets get this party started!"

Once Biff said his casual piece of dialogue as per usual, the fighters got to choosing their weapons. Spring Man chose the toaster and the boomerang while Kid Cobra chose the hydra and the coolerang. Before the fight could begin though, Kid Cobra said something.

"I hope you know how to use a snake board, because otherwise this fight is gonna be hell for you..."

*Oh how right he was.*

Although it was expected for later fights to get more and more difficult, damn this fight truly was hell. Even though Kid Cobra didn't have any abilities (Apart from the ARMS ability) he

made up for it with what could only be described as super speed. That alone didn't make it easy, but the snakeboards on the stage did not help. Spring Man got the hang of it though. After some trial and error he won and made it to round 2.

When he was choosing his weapons for round two he picked the weapons that could take on both of Kid Cobra's slamamanders (I just realized how semi homoerotic I accidentally made that sound lol). He was just gonna use toasters on both ARMS and hope for the best. Yeah he actually had absolutely no actually fucking clue what he was gonna do so any flaws on his part were entirely on him. But surprisingly enough he did get the best. And that's because he won, because of his bullshit "plan", Because I said so. But things were far from over.

Everyone was about to leave thinking it was all over. That was until they could all hear an echoey, slightly robotic voice call out.

"HEY, TOOTHPASTE HEAD!"

## Chapter End Notes

OHHHHH!!! Looks like Spring's got some trouble up ahead!... Yeah if you cant tell I'm running out of ways to caption these chapters :/

# Intruder alert

## Chapter Notes

Right off the bat I made a Mandela Catalog reference.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Everyone turned to where the voice came from and saw a sight they did not expect. It was a robot version of Spring Man! The arena was filled with the whispers and chatter of folks who wanted to know what was happening. Alisa even held onto Tracey's hand in fear, much to the confusion of Tracey. Whoever this guy or thing was then started to speak again.

"Your Grand Prix is coming to an end right here right now!" He spoke.

"...You guys are also seeing this crap, right?" Spring Man asked in sheer and utter confusion as to what the hell he was looking at.

Everyone in the arena started some brief chatter with some gasping thrown in. Another fight in this point in time was not expected (No shit). Then Biff got up to his microphone.

"Well folks... This was something unexpected." He spoke while holding up a file. "We got word from an anonymous source that whoever this creep is, is apparently a project from the ARMS Labs known as Springtron. Well whoever this guy is needs to be stopped! Everyone at home hold onto your seats for this bonus match!"

Once Biff got another line of dialog in this game, it was weapon time. Spring Man chose the toaster and the boomerang. Strangely, Springtron just chose the exact same weapons but flipped around. Even though he was a robot this was some weird shit. And this wasn't even the end of the weird shit.

As soon as the match began, Springtron jumped into the air and unleashed a wave of electricity. Once he got back to the ground it appeared that whatever that was made him a lot faster. If the previous fight against Kid Cobra was hell this one was probably something worse than hell. Along with the snake boards, that energy wave from before was not just for show. When Spring Man was about to hit him he unleashed another electricity wave. It left Spring Man's ARMS immobilized so it gave Springtron the opportunity to end the round with a rush attack.

If Spring Man wanted to win this fight, he would need a good plan and a helluva lot a good luck. Thankfully by the second round he made a plan. Attack with one arm at a time, avoid using the snake boards, and just hope for the best. Despite how stupid that sounded, it somehow worked... At least in round 2, it didn't work as well in the final round. But something strange happened (As if that wasn't everyday).



Off in the audience, Tracey and her crew were watching the fight. While Kapster was taking pictures of the fight on his camera he looked over at Tracey and what seemed to be a ghost over her shoulder. Scarfer also looked over and saw the ghost with a look of bewilderment.

"Hey Tracey, just me or does that robot's eyes look... Familiar?" It spoke

"I don't know Rosie, I can barley see them with all the boomerangs and tribolts being thrown," Tracey replied.

"Maybe you'll see them better if you take off you eyepatch."

"What if others see my eye?"

"I don't think anyone will notice, I mean their all watching the fight."

"hmm, fine. But if anyone sees my eye you'll owe me a dollar."

Tracey then took off her eyepatch. What was behind it was a neon blue eye with a black sclera. It wasn't the first time she took off her eyepatch, but to say it wasn't weird was a lie. But suddenly something equally, if not even more strange happened.

As the fight went on, it was made clear whoever at ARMS Labs who built Springtron needed a pay raise. This robot was by far one of the fastest ARMS fighters in the ARMS League. Even with Spring Man's stupid but effective plan, he was still getting his ass beat. Although strength can play into a normal fight, it's all determined by the weapons you use in ARMS so speed is your biggest concern.

Springtron could have ended it right there and then. But he didn't. He just paused there... Though no one could see, he wasn't seeing from his perspective in that moment. He was seeing through Tracey's eye.

Everyone in the audience was confused as to why he stopped, because they weren't telling the story (That's the power of being the narrator I guess). But whatever they weren't seeing gave Spring Man the opportunity to hit Springtron in the back and win. Once Biff yelling "KO" was at least mentioned for the 10th time in this fanfic, Springtron got the last word in before leaving.

*"You haven't seen the last of me! I'll be back!"*

After that slight foreshadowing, everyone started leaving. Now it was time for Tracey and her friends to start a conversation.

"Ay, Tracey," Scarfer spoke.

"Yeah?" Tracey asked.

"Me, and Kapster saw a few things."

"Well what were they?"

"One, we saw you take off your eyepatch."

"Two, the eye behind it looked exactly like Springtron's eyes," Kapster chimed in.

Tracey then muttered an "Oh shit they saw" before continuing. "If your wondering why my eye looks like that, I honestly don't know."

"They also saw the Guardian over your shoulder," Alisa spoke up.

"The what now?" Kapster asked.

"Well... Guess it was only a matter of time."

Tracey then let the Guardian out of her backpack. To anyone who's never seen the Guardian before, it's the scariest shit in the world.

"Rosie, you officially owe me a dollar." Tracey said to the Guardian.

"Tracey, with all do respect, what the actual fuck is that?" Scarfer asked in sheer fear and confusion.

"Kapster, Scarfer, this is the Guardian. She is the ghost of my deceased sister who has been taking care of me for a while. The Guardian, this is Kapster and Scarfer, and they are my friends."

"With the knowledge that your a ghost, I would just like to apologize for being kinda rude to ya."

"It's fine, just do you have a dollar? I sorta owe Tracey now," The Guardian asked.

"I'll pay it back on your behalf later."

"Okay that's cool, but we need to get going. It's past midnight and I need to sleep."

"I think it's agreed upon by all five of us that we nee to sleep."

With their conversation rapped up and the Guardian back in the bag, Everyone went back home to sleep and hope it was all a weird dream. But it wasn't. It was all real. And more importantly...

The Guardian owes Tracey a dollar.

**DUN DUN DUN!!!**

Nah I'm kidding the biggest deal here is that Springtron will return and some shit was gonna go down next fight.

Hmm... Springtron can see through one of Tracey's eyes. May wanna keep that in mind for later...

# The grand fight

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tonight's the night. After 9 previous matches, a bonus battle and the narrator grabbing their 5th cup of coffee it was finally here. The grand finale against the Grand prix's champion himself. Everyone was there for the final fight. Every previous opponent, Tracey and her crew, really everyone in Armsopolis was there (Well not really other wise the building would have collapsed by now).

Off in the distance there was this pretty big and buff guy with champion belts for ARMS, wearing a gold helmet atop his head that kinda looked like a fist. His eyes were also completely white with no pupil or iris in either eye. It was kind of eerie. Almost as if he was blind.

"So, you finally made it," He spoke with his ARMS crossed. "I honestly didn't expect you to make it this far, guess I though wrong of you... Whatever the case is I can only wish you luck in this fight."

Once everything on Max's part was said, Biff got up to his microphone before starting to speak.

"Hello Armsopolis! And hello ARMS fans!" He spoke as per usual. "We're finally here at the grand finale, it's Spring Man vs The commish: Max Brass! He's been champ for over 25 years. Only time will tell if he will go any further as champ. Ladies and gentlemen, it's finally time for the end of the Grand Prix!"

Once Biff got what he thought would've been his last fight intro of the story it was weapon time. Spring Man chose the toaster and the boomerang while Max Brass chose the nade and the kablammer.

Oh man, how do I even BEGIN to describe this fight?

This was the final fight against the champion so it was to be expected that the battle would be difficult. But sweet mother of Biff, this makes the last two chapters look like walking in the park. It sure as hell didn't help that Max Brass had the exact same abilities as Spring Man (What with the shock waves and all). Granted, Max Brass was the first Spring Man dating back to generation one, so I don't even know what I'm talking about!

A groove was eventually gotten which, lets be real is going to be needed. Especially after Spring Man nearly got KO'd to death in round two by the use of dual kablammers. If he wanted to win this he was gonna have to both have a good plan and not die. So in the final round he chose the tribolt and the toaster to combat Max Brass using the roaster and the kablammer.

Though it took a number of close calls and a number of hits something happened. When Max Brass attempted to grab Spring Man he instead attacked with both of his ARMS going one at a time. This gave Spring Man the opportunity to dodge and crush his opponent with his rush.

The entire arena fell into silence. Though Biff did say "KO" like he normally did, he didn't yell it out loud like he normally did, he just said it in a quite but shocked voice. Something felt off about this and it was especially off to Kapster. But then Max Brass started to speak.

"Heh, you actually managed to beat me." He said with a chuckle. "Gotta admit I haven't seen talent like that since generation two."

"I actually cant believe it..." Biff said in utter disbelief that soon turned to excitement. "Someone managed to beat *THE* Max Brass?! Well folks, without further ado lets get this celebration start-"

Suddenly, Kapster shouted out "WHAT IS THAT THING UP IN THE SKY?!" while pointing to the now darkening reddish sky.

## Chapter End Notes

If you've played ARMS before I bet you may know what comes next.

# Hold onto your seats!

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"WHAT THE [bleeped out swear word for TV reasons]!!!"

Everyone looked up into the now darkening sky and saw something. It was a robotic head creature with glowing red eyes and a sinister smile. Looking down from the sky it once floated from, it fell and locked itself onto Max Brass's head. Everyone in the arena went into a panicked frenzy with even Biff trying his best to calm everyone down while the creature emanated a dark red light.

Once the light had faded, the creature's eyes glowed an even brighter shade of red. It then unleashed four more metallic robot ARMS that copied Max Brass's original weapon setup. Once the shock had started to quite down nightfall had struck and Biff had gotten back to his microphone.

"WHAT IN THE ACTUAL SAM HELL IS THAT THING?!" He screamed not realizing he said a minor swear. "What is that thing and why and how did it show up to control Max Brass?! Whatever this is, someone needs to stop this creep!"

With there being only one person in the arena that could be even slightly capable of fighting this creature, I think you already know where this is going. Yep, Spring Man is going to have to fight what's essentially a robotic demon from something past the depths of hell. Also its weapon time. Spring Man chose the tribolt and the boomerang while whatever this freak of "nature" was, chose the nade and the roaster.

Although in different ways I said that "The fight was more than a little difficult" in previous chapters, I think I'm justified in saying it this time. Because holy shit I underestimated the previous eleven fights. This thing was already copying Max's abilities so that was one thing that had to be dealt with. There was also the fact that, oh I don't know, THAT THING HAD FOUR MORE ARMS TO MAKE THIS FIGHT A LIVING HELL! With all of this to deal with it was a no brainer that the first round ended with Spring Man being KO'd.

In round two, Spring Man chose the boomerang and the toaster while the creature used the kablammer on both ARMS. Even though Spring Man had the upper hand somehow, it wasn't by much when both of them were at low HP levels. When suddenly, a robotic drone flew in with a bottle of turquoise liquid. When looking closer, it appears that drone was none other than the ARMS drones. They weren't meant for use in fights yet so someone must have gotten control of one of the prototypes.

Whatever or whoever was in control of it however, must have been on the toothpaste head's side. When the drone landed it placed the bottle where he was standing before flying off. Said bottle then opened up and started spraying out the turquoise liquid like a sprinkler. When near by, it started to help Spring Man regain his HP. Though this didn't make much sense, it gave

him the opportunity to fight back against the creature. Before it went down it said something about how "Hedlok never goes down". That must have been it's name.

Then the final round happened...

Spring Man chose toasters on both ARMS while the creature now known as Hedlok chose only roasters. Although things were already pretty odd if not batshit insane, it appeared as though Hedlok had gotten even stronger than it already was. At this point it almost seemed like it was going to kill Spring Man this very night. But something happened amongst the chaos.

Somewhere in the audience, Tracey and her friends watched from afar in a mix of fear and confusion. They all genuinely thought they were going to see someone die tonight. But the Guardian had other plans in mind. She searched through Tracey's backpack and pulled out a notebook and pencil.

"Hey, Tracey," She whispered to Tracey.

"What?" Tracey replied.

"I need you to draw something in this notebook."

"How the hell is that supposed to help?"

"I have an idea, just try to draw a stick figure or something."

With no other choices, Tracey took the notebook and started to doodle. She doodled a stick figure with ARMS that had circles at the end of them. It also donned a yellow cape with a matching yellow mask.

She then handed the notebook to the Guardian who disappeared almost instantly. While this went on the fight was getting more and more intense. At some point, Spring Man got his nose broken as he was knocked to the ground. This would have been an opportunity for Hedlok to attack. But all of a sudden, a strange yellow caped stick figure came in flying. It kicked Hedlok in the chest and started punching it like crazy. This only did minimal damage though, so Hedlok punched it one time and it disappeared.

Little did it know it was beyond screwed. While it wasn't looking, Spring Man had gotten up and snuck up behind it. By the time it realized he was nowhere to be seen he attacked. Turns out the damage dealt by the stick figure was more than enough for a few more punches to take Hedlok to the grave site. In one last rush attack that glowed a burning bright yellow it was all over.

"YES! THE CREEP IS DOWN!!!" Biff shouted in absolute energy into his mic. "Alright, while the fight was going down we got a message from the ARMS Labs. It seems as though the creature now known as Hedlok had escaped during testing-"

Biff was then cut off by Hedlok screeching while emanating a purple light that could blind anyone. If the commish wasn't already blind, he surely would be now. The lighting had soon

faded as the screeching stopped only for Hedlok to fly off, never to be seen again. Somehow though, Max Brass was fine and was even flexing for the audience a bit. But then a voice came onto the speakers of the stadium.

"You may have beaten my master piece but this isn't the end!" The voice spoke in a Australian accent. "Just know that your champion belt was stolen by me while you were busy! Good luck trying to find me. By that point your darkest day will have fallen before you!"

No one knew what to do. Someone who claimed to have created Hedlok stole the champion belt while speaking of something called the "darkest day". Whatever it was, it did not sound pretty. But all that mattered at this point was that no one died. But it still felt threatening to be in the area.

Everyone started hurrying for any near by exits. But Tracey stayed behind. She just saw Austin, the first ever friend she made moving back to Armsopolis almost die right in front of her. She wanted to make sure he was okay. By the time she got to him, his nose was still bleeding but not as much.

"Sweet mother of Biff, Austin! Holy fu-"

"Language, kiddo." Austin said cutting her off.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. A couple scrapes here, a broken nose there, but it could be worse."

"You saying your nose is broken is enough to warrant a trip to the hospital."

"Yeah you have a point, but you gotta see this."

"What is it?"

"That drone had a note attached to it. You think it could tie into Hedlok?"

Austin then gave the note to Tracey. Unfolding it would reveal a letter from the person who was controlling the drone.

*"Sorry about Hedlok, I didn't think my mom would actually go this far to get the champion belt. Hope this helped in battle. (it took a while to get a hold of an ARMS drone)  
-Maddie :)"*

"So, what do you think?" Austin asked.

"I think we just got involved with some deep shi-"

"Language."



What you just read was THE Sky Arena Incident. You know, what this fic was named after. This is far from the end though. I still got more chapters to write.

# On the news

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Scarfer and Kapster were hanging around Ye, Old' Retirement home trying to help out the folks there. It had been a week since that Hedlok creature had crashed the grand prix finale, and everyone was still paranoid. Nothing like this had ever happened before in god knows what timeline. And that paranoia did not help things with the senior citizens at the retirement home either. One old woman was even on the verge of crying, believing one of her relatives may have been caught up in the crossfire. Thankfully with Scarfer there, he was able to reassure her that her family may have made it out alive.

Although I never mentioned it in the previous chapter, Hedlok wasn't just trying to attack Austin. It was also trying to attack people in the audience, some of which were young children. Though it's a miracle that no one died, it didn't stop some folks from getting injuries so bad they were put into the hospital. Tracey was also beyond scared for Austin's safety, believing that she would see a friend of her's die that very night. If it weren't for the fact that Tracey had her friend group she probably wouldn't be in the best of times. Heck even Scarfer, Tracey's most chill friend who could take shit from no one was more than a little on edge after that. But he didn't have much time to dwell on anything else.

Somewhere during the duo's work, Scarfer got a notification of an Armsopolis broadcast surrounding The Sky Arena Incident. Because he was still in the middle of working he just ignored it. But with the knowledge of how curiosity can kill a cat it can sure as hell intrigue a sixteen year old. After him and Kapster wrapped up their work, he pulled him to the side near by the attic of the retirement home. Scarfer was just about to play the broadcast when he suddenly got a call from an unknown number. The call started off with just silence with the occasional sound of zapping, so Scarfer eventually spoke up.

"Ay, is there anyone on the other end of the line?" There was no answer. Only silence occasionally broken up by white noise. With no other options, Scarfer said the only logical thing that came to his mind. "If no one's there, I'm just gonna hang up-"

*"Don't you dare."*

Scarfer's words were swiftly cut off by a familiar voice. It was feminine with a slight british accent. It also sounded exactly the same as the voice that played on the speakers of the sky arena when Hedlok attacked.

"Excuse me?"

*"Now that I've got your attention, you better keep it and listen to every word I say."*

"What do you want from me?"

*"I don't want anything from you, but it is something I desire from another. One of your friends has been interfering with my plans as of late. It was the hair-bun girl I believe it was."*

"What the fuck does Tracey have to do with this?"

*"Oh, Tracey! **Glad to know SHE'S still around after five years!**"*

It was at this point that Scarfer realized something was up. Whoever this crazy lady was apparently knew who Tracey was, at least five years ago. And SOMEHOW Tracey was involved with whatever she was plotting. Whatever the case was, Scarfer had to stand his ground in the best way he can.

"Listen here jackass, you may not know who I am but I know who you are." He was practically on the verge of yelling the last part into the phone.

*"What do you mean?"* The voice on the other end tried to play things off but I mentioned earlier that Scarfer wasn't one to take shit from anybody.

"Don't play dumb with me!" He suddenly snapped back into the phone. "Me and everyone in the sky arena heard your voice over the speakers-"

*"Tsk, whatever. My god, playing with you is by far the most boring thing I've been doing in a while, i'm just gonna cut this short and hang up now. Just know if you and I were to ever cross paths, it would be a shame if something happened to either you or me."*

"WHAT THE FU-"

And just like that, the call ended with a beep. There were no chances of trying to call back so why even bother. Scarfer looked over and saw Kapster just looking confused and scared.

"What just happened?" He asked with a slight voice crack.

"The bitch on the other end was talking about possibly harming either me or Tracey," Scarfer replied in his casual monotone voice.

"WHAT?!"

"Don't worry, her chances of ever fucking with us are lower than my chances of me stopping my rampant swearing."

"It's good to know we might not see her but, language!"

"Number one, english. Number two, I've seen you swear before. And number three, neither of those things matter because we still gotta read that article."

Turning on his phone once again, Scarfer opened up the link to the article. For a brief second text appeared on screen before cutting to black. Trying to turn on the phone again, showed nothing but a black screen and a low battery sign.

"Damnit," He muttered under his breath.

"What's up?" Kapster asked.

"Phone battery is dead. You happen to have your phone on ya'?"

"No."

"Do you know of any places I could get my phone charged?"

"The attic maybe? I don't know really."

"I don't even think the attic has any electricity, but we may as well go up there to hunt for haunted tapes or dust bunnies or whatever."

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry if the ending of this chapter was abrupt. I might go in and rewrite some parts of this fanfic but I'm currently busy with other things.

# Inspiration

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Once they made it to the attic it became quite apparent this room had been long since forgotten. There was not a single thing in that room that wasn't covered in dust. If you said the entire room was made of only dust, I think at least someone out there would believe you. The only other things in that attic were a bunch of cardboard boxes and an old CRT television. All illuminated by a single, hanging, light bulb.

Soon, Kapster and Scarfer were left searching inside of the boxes to see what they could find. The boxes were either filled with old junk that no one needed or had nothing inside but stale air. But Kapster found that one of the boxes actually had something of value inside.

Inside were a number of VHS tapes that were labeled "ARMS battle 1-10".

"Hey, Scarfer! Come check this out!" He half yelled, half whispered.

"Whatcha' find man?" Scarfer asked.

"Found this box of old tapes. How many of them do you think still work?"

"I honestly don't know. But it would be a miracle if any of them work consider the condition of everything else here."

They made their way over to the CRT television with the box of tapes. After plopping both the boxes and themselves down on the ground on the ground, they began to start testing the tapes. Almost none of them were working. Either the tapes would never play or they would work for a few seconds and quit out of nowhere. They were about to just call in their own quits when suddenly, they heard a slight clinking noise.

Looking over to where the sound came from, they saw a tape had fallen from somewhere. When Scarfer picked up the tape with one of the ends of his scarf, he flipped the tape over and saw it was labeled "Knitting Nanny Debut". That name rang too many bells for Scarfer. Since they were still in the attic they just went back to the CRT television and put the tape in. Miraculously, the tape still worked.

The film opened up with a shot of a boxing ring, everything in black and white. In one corner was a man with springy hair and a springy beard. With that description I bet you could guess what his ARMS were made of. Yep, his ARMS were made of springs. In the other corner was a young woman with wavy hair. She dawned a silk dress, steel toed heels and a leather jacket. She didn't have ARMS of her own but she did have a scarf that was coiled at the ends.

Off in the distance was a yellow chew-toy looking creature wearing a suit. That thing look exactly like Biff. Jesus Christ, how old is he?

"Hello ARMS fans!" The creature spoke into his microphone. "Today is the debut for a new fighter, introducing The Knitting Nanny! Even though she doesn't have the ARMS ability she still shows promise! Good luck out there!"

Once a bell could be heard in the background, the fight began. This was back before the ARMS Labs created weapons for ARMS fights so both fighters were using basic boxing gloves. It's safe to say nothing too eventful happened. In a few last hits, the springy haired guy was taken down. The yellow creature yelling "KO" could be heard before the film faded to static.

Kapster didn't really think the tape was anything too special, but looking at Scarfer would prove their opinions were different. His gaze was fixated on the screen so much that it was practically going through it.

"Hey, Scarfer. Are you okay?" Kapster asked while tapping him on the back. Scarfer didn't reply. He just muttered something under his breath. He was about ask him again but before could he was cut off.

"The League is hiding something..."

Kapster was a bit taken aback by what Scarfer said, but he had to know what he was talking about. "eh, Wha-"

"Replay the tape."

Doing what Scarfer asked, he rewinded the tape. Once he got to a certain point, Scarfer took the remote and did the rest of the work. Soon he had gotten back to the beginning of the tape. After even more forwarding and rewinding, he found what he was looking for. It was of a strange fist with wings.

"It's the old logo of the ARMS Ministry." Scarfer spoke.

"Why is this of such importance to you?"

"Almost nothing has been seen of the ministry days since their head scientist, Dr. C, went missing 14 years ago. It's as if someone was trying to cover it up."

"But how are we supposed to find out what happened? Join the ARMS League?"

"That's the plan."

"Sigh... Scarfer, I hate to break it to you but I don't think the ARMS League takes in random high schoolers that show up out of nowhere."

"They already let Mechanic in, and she's 15. I think they'd let us and the rest of our friend group in."

"Wait, we're also bringing Tracey and Alisa?!"

"Yep. Tracey's dad was once in the ARMS League at one point so if we don't make it in, she may still have a chance."

Kapster was far from slightly bewildered. He was just out right wondering what was even happening anymore.

"Sigh... Do you even know if this will work?"

"Dunno, but if you don't want to then you don't have to."

There was some hesitation on Kapster's end. There was no guarantee that this would even work. But then again, this could also boost clientele for his and his mom's photography studio. You know what? Screw it, there's nothing to lose.

"I'll join ya." Kapster said holding out his hand for Scarfer to shake on it.

"Are you sure?" He asked.

"You damn right."

With the two now at an agreement they went to shake hands. But suddenly, Scarfer slipped on something and fell on Kapster. Both of them falling onto the floor. Both slightly blushing. After a while they got up, with Scarfer asking for him not to tell anyone about it.

Kapster nodded his head in agreement. Something about being around Scarfer still felt odd to him though. Pretty strange.

## Chapter End Notes

Just like Tracey and Alisa, I'm starting to ship Kapster Shot with Scarfer. Also, if anyone is wondering about the ages of these characters, Tracey and Alisa are both 14, Kapster is 15 (but is nearing the age of 16), and Scarfer is 16.

# Welcome to the league

## Chapter Notes

This one is gonna be a bit more dialog heavy.

A week later, Tracey and her group of friends had arrived at the ARMS HQ. Their plans were simple. Get in, get their profiles filled out and hope even one of them get into the league. Much easier said than done.

"Alright guys," Scarfer said while readying to open the door. "Ya'll ready for our lives to change and it hopefully doesn't backfire?" It wasn't a question, they were ready as they would ever be. With a nod from the others, today became the day a group of four teens sold their souls to the ARMS league.

When they walked into the lobby, they were hit with the sounds of construction work. What was being built was beyond me. Judging by what was already set up it appeared to be some kind of security system. Not to far away from the entrance they came from, Austin was handing a box of equipment to one of several constructions workers in the lobby. Once he handed over the box he looked over at the entrance and saw the friend group.

"Hey guys," Austin said walking over to them. "Whatcha doin' here?"

"We're here to potentially join the ARMS league-" Kapster tried to speak but was cut off by Austin.

"You guys are joining the league?! Congratulations!!" Austin was about to continue but realized that he had interrupted the Kapster. "Sorry, sorry. You may continue."

"We don't know where the interview room is, do you happen to know where we can find it?"

"Yep! In fact it's right over there!"

Looking to the right where Austin had pointed revealed a door with a sign reading "Max Brass's Office" written in pen. Around said door were champion belts, each one dating all the way back to 3086, sealed into frames. One frame however was left empty. With it having the year of 3120 written on it, it was most certainly the one stolen during the Sky Arena Incident.

With the team having figured out where to go, there was only one thing left to do. But something just felt off to Tracey. Something that was made apparent when she tugged on one of the sleeves on Austin's hoodie.

Austin hummed before looking over at Tracey. "What's up Trace, you alright?"



"Yeah-" Tracey attempted to reply before being interrupted.

"If your worried about getting in or Max being hard on you guys, there's nothing to be worried about. I was nervous about getting in as well but I still made it in."

"It's not that, just wanna know what's with the security system being set up."

"From what I heard it has something to do with what happened in the Sky Arena Incident. I guess Max is worried that the other belts will get stolen."

"Hey Tracey! Are you ready or what?!" Scarfer called out to Tracey.

"I'll see you later Austin!" Tracey said before heading to her friends as Austin wished her luck. Once she got to her friends they opened the door to the interview room... Or more specifically Max Brass's office. The walls were a dark green color, with a ceiling fan looming above them. Around the room were several potted plants with a couple filing cabinets next to a storage closet. In the middle of the room were four chairs facing a desk where the big man himself, Max Brass sat, filling out some kind of paper work.

"Hm?" He hummed when he heard the door opened before looking up to see the group of kids. "Oh! You you must be the kids who are joining the league!"

"You know it!" Scarfer replied.

"Pull up a seat and we can finish filling out your profiles!"

As each of them pulled up a seat as they were told, an odd noise could be heard from Scarfer's seat. Everyone stopped in their tracks. Everything was dead silent, until Tracey spoke up with a- "Scarfer, what the hell?"

Scarfer was about to respond, but stops when he hears a muffled chuckling sound. Each of the four look over a Max and see him cracking up. His somewhat serious composure gone.

"Ha Ha! And people say the old whoopee cushion trick no longer works!" He laughed before recomposing himself and coughing into his fist. After that poorly written joke was said and done, it was time for the interview to begin.

"Alright, there are only a few things left to fill out on each of your profiles," Max said while pulling some folders from a drawer. "I probably should've asked this in the beginning but what are your reasons for joining?"

"I plan on joining so I can bring more clientele," Tracey replied.

"I'm doing this to promote my music," Alisa adds.

"My reason is like Tracey and Alisa's reason," Kapster adds. "I'm joining to help promote me and my mom's photography studio."

"The plan on my end is simple," Scarfer spoke with both his hands behind his head in a 'just chilling' sorta way. "I'm joining so I can take on the roll my Grandma once had."

"So we got three business dwellers and a family sorta guy, nice" Max Brass said while writing something down in the folders he had on his desk. "Alright, the last question left is if any of you guys are related to any previous members of the league?"

Scarfer was about to respond but paused for a second. "That's weirdly specific... But since I already mentioned why I'm joining, I should've mentioned that my grandma was the Knitting Nanny-"

"Wait, your related to *THE* Knitting Nanny?!" Alisa said interrupting him.

"The one and only, what about you?"

"My dad used to be in the league, but then he met my mom and she made him leave the league. I haven't seen him since he divorced my mom though."

"You guys are related to anyone in the ARMS League?" Kapster asked. "I'm not related to anyone in the league."

"Then how do you have the ability?" Scarfer asked back.

"I don't know, it just showed up out of nowhere."

"And what about you Tracey? I've heard you mention how your dad was in the league but you never went into detail."

"Both my mom and my dad were in the league," Tracey Replied. "Their names were Mark Doodles and Lily Leaf."

"Out of curiosity, what may have caused them to leave the league?"

"I'm not entirely sure. My dad died before I could ask him, and only god knows where my mom and brother are..."

Silence had fallen upon the room. This time it was for much longer than it did before. The silence only broke when Max Brass finally spoke. "Well that was something," He said trying to get rid of the quietness in the room. "I will contact each of you guys in a week or so and I'll tell you guys when each of you get in the league."

With the files being finished the group got up from their chairs to leave. Almost all of them had left the room, apart from one. Tracey was left standing near the door for a minute before saying something. "Hey Max, If you find my brother Leon, tell him I miss him."

Once she was done she left the room to join her friends. Only meer seconds after she left the room, any and all of Max's previous demeanor had vanished. He sighed before speaking in a not as hyped up voice.

"How am I gonna tell that kid about what's been going on with them..."

# Laboratory escape

## Chapter Notes

Sorry this chapter took so long, I was celebrating christmas with my family last year and I was just busy working on the catalog in Splatoon 3. This chapter was also the longest chapter I have written for this story thus far so a lot of time was taken. I'm probably gonna put this on hiatus until I get at least the first chapter of my Punch-Out!! fanfic finished.

Somewhere in the depths of ARMS Labs were two souls. Actually it was one soul and a robot, but it's close enough. A bunny girl with blue and purple hair was just sitting on a beanbag reading something, while a robot clone of Spring Man was sitting on the bottom of a bunk bed. Wait, why do those descriptions sound familiar? Oh that's because those are the descriptions of Maddie and Springtron! But something seems off with Springtron...

"Hey Maddie?" Springtron asked looking back down from the ceiling he was staring at not too long ago.

"Yeah Tron?" Maddie replied looking up from her book.

"Why did you use the ARMS drone to help Spring Man? Isn't he the enemy?"

"It's..."

Maddie paused for a moment. She knew she would have to tell someone about her worries of what was going on in ARMS Labs, but who was she gonna tell? Telling Coyel would be a death wish so she's out of the question. So would she really rely on a robot that probably doesn't even feel anything? Well that was exactly what she was gonna do.

"It's because something has been going on in the labs!" She exclaimed. "I was never told about what Hedlok was meant for until it nearly killed someone!"

Springtron just sat there bewildered and quite. He had no idea how to respond to something like that. But then he remembered his battle against Spring Man. Or more specifically how he almost didn't remember it. The only thing he could remember was seeing through the perspective of someone in the audience. He first thought it might've been Maddie, but she was in another part of the stage. He also didn't remember Maddie being friends with three random kids not from ARMS Labs.

Aside from that, he couldn't remember anything else from that day... Now that he thought about it, he didn't really remember most things from before the Sky Arena incident. Especially when Coyel started fixing him after firing Mechanica for some reason. He was

never told why stuff like that was happening, or why a tracking device was attached to the palm of his left hand and the back of Hedlok...

"Wait a minute," He whispers. "Did Coyel put a tracking device on you?"

"Yeah," She begins. "She placed mine on the palm of my right hand."

It was at that moment Springtron Realized something. Tracking devices were not just on him and Hedlok, but were also on everyone to ever enter ARMS Labs. He know knows what was going on and what must be done. He took hold of her hand and looked at it. It was covered by a black leather glove with the tracking device in the middle of her palm, a small green light flickering in the middle of it. After a few seconds he started to tug the glove off of her hand.

"Tron-"

Once the glove was completely off it was tossed to the ground before Springtron stomped on it. The sound of it being crushed could be heard as sparks of electricity flew out. Springtron looked up once he was sure it was broken, his eyes now having a purple outline. Was this a sign of fear?

"What the heck was that about Tron?!" Maddie exclaimed.

"We are in danger!" Springtron started in a terrified voice. "Coyel is planning something, I don't know what she's planning but it involves her killing someone with Hedlok!"

"Why would Coyel do that?!"

"I don't know but if we don't know but if we stick around we might be next!"

Maddie pondered upon the words she had just heard. Did Coyel only care about them for her own personal gain? Regardless of what may be happening, This could be Maddie's only chance of going out to see the world. Her mind was made almost immediately when she grabbed her backpack.

"Grab your things Tron, we're getting out of here."

He didn't need to be told twice as he grabbed his hoodie.

Cut to the two after they got out of their room. Now that they were out it was a race against the clock. If they get caught it would be all over. Springtron was wearing a hoodie over his head while Maddie was wearing her trench coat and goggles, backpack over both of their backs.

Maddie was taking the lead as the two stayed low. Though she knew what had to be done, she still had one more thing to do. She couldn't just leave without telling Helix where she went. But a part of her mind filled with an intense grief was telling her not to.

After taking a right turn through the hallway and walking as quickly as they could, they found themselves in front of the sticker covered door to Helix's room. When they opened the door they saw Helix on the floor drawing something. Crayons and paper were scattered all

over the floor as he just doodled on the page in front of him. This sight alone was not helping Maddie with how upset she was.

"What are you drawing Helix?" she asked in slight but noticeably more gloomy voice. Helix just replied with illegible high pitched noise while holding up the drawing he had made. It was each of the three poorly drawn into a grassy meadow with the sun shining over them. But next to a sloppily drawn tree was a person with brown hair and green arms. It didn't remind anyone of Maddie but she didn't dwell on it. "Hey, Helix..."

Helix cocked his head to the side and let out a few confused noises. Maddie was paused for a second. She knew she would have to tell him but she never actually knew how.

"I don't know how to tell you this but, me and Tron won't be around in the labs anymore..."

Helix let out a few more confused sounds, not know what Maddie was talking about, or why she was shaking for the past minute she was there. And more importantly why tears were starting to form in the corners of her eyes. It only took a few seconds before she cried out "I CAN'T DO THIS!" before running out of the room with tears streaming down her face.

Springtron looked away from where Maddie was and looked back at the door before looking back at Helix. He never got to know Helix all that well in the single month of his existence, but it didn't make any of this situation feel... Sad? However these emotions were accouing, he and Maddie had to go before they were caught. With one final somber wave goodbye, he left the room and closed the door. Helix just sat there with a concerned expression on his face before looking towards his window. He had an idea of what they were talking about now.

Meanwhile Springtron has exited the room to see Maddie on the ground. Her face in both of her hands as she tried to keep her sobs quite. She kept muttering incoherent phrases about how she didn't want to leave Helix behind. But Springtron didn't say anything. He just crouched down and hugged her as best as he could. Maddie wrapped her arms around his back as her tears sunk into his hoodie. Suddenly, sirens started blaring through out the halls as an AI voice started to speak.

"ATTENTION ALL ARMS LABS PERSONNEL. SUBJECTS 3-018, 3-032, AND 3-033 HAVE GONE AWOL. ANY AND ALL ENTRANCES WILL BE LOCKED OFF UNTIL ALL SUBJECTS HAVE BEEN APPREHENDED AND SENT BACK TO THEIR CELLS."

It was only a matter of time until someone noticed they were missing. There was only one thing they could do now. **RUN.**

Everything after that was a blur for the two. The only things they could remember were the sirens and one of researchers being knocked to the ground unconscious. Now they were in a worn down room with an exit that looked like it was about to fall out. They were about to leave but they looked towards their left and saw a glass frame tinted by a darkly colored gas filled the cell.

Inside the gas chamber was a rather young looking man with brown hair, tangled green arms, and an oversized T-shirt. He was hunched over coughing in pain as the gas entered his lungs while tried to gasp for air. Springtron started analyzing him and his info popped up on his UI.

"3-000: Leon Leaf"

He was a twenty eight year old male who was kidnapped by ARMS Labs for testing purposes. Who would've guessed that ARMS Labs would go so low as to kidnap people for their twisted experiments.

Springtron didn't hesitate when he saw him like that. He clenched his fist and slammed it into the glass. Shards fell to the ground as the gas permeated the rest of the room. Maddie started coughing for a moment but it ended quickly as the gas started to dissipate. She pushed down the door to the exit as hard as she could while Springtron grabbed Leon's wrist.

The three of them ran as best as they could. They ran and kept on running until they could confirm they were far away. Even with it being summer, the coldness of the midnight started to creep up on them. The cold must've hit Leon the hardest because he had passed out after they stopped. Maddie picked him up and placed him on a near by bench. She started walking away in the other direction before Springtron stopped her. "Where are you going?" He asked.

"If we split up, it'll be more difficult for them to try and find us," she replied. Silence had permeated the vicinity before she spoke again in a slightly melancholic voice. "Don't worry, we'll see each other again someday..."

As she walked away, Springtron realized just how big of problem he found himself in. Apart from what little he knew about the outside world, he had no idea what he was going to do now. He didn't want to end up like this, he never asked for this! Now he was on the run with no idea where to go and no one to go to. Everyone would've just saw him as the evil clone of Spring Man, who would trust anyone with that sort of description?!

The only place he could see working was right in front of him. As he started walking he was headed towards the darker park of Armsopolis. Whatever happens there would hopefully be better than what he had before.

## Not a chapter please read

Hey guys it's me, Axel.42, just came here to let you guys know that I have discontinued ARMS: The Sky Arena Incident. My main reasons for discontinuing the story was because

1. I want to spend my time working on other things, like the Underground Circuit (my Punch-Out au), Life Is A Party (my Muffins/Cupcakes rewrite), as well as a few more minor side projects.

and-

2. I'm just not as proud of this story as I used to be, either due to forced shipping, awkward writing/dialog, characters being out of character, etc.

I'll be leaving this version up on AO3 tagged as complete for archival purposes but I have since unpublished the Wattpad version. That being said, I do not plan on completely canceling ARMS: TSAI. Around two months ago I started work on rewriting the prologue/first chapter and I at least plan on trying to get it posted both here and Wattpad.

I hope to be posting a new story soon!

-Axel.42

P.S. I had to speed run typing this 'cause it was 4:30pm when I started typing this, and AO3 wouldn't let me post this if 5:00pm rolled around lol. :P

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!